

POETRY
'TIS A SAD STORY, MATE.
 bachelor I, and you question me
 why,
 And you look at me wroth and sa-
 lance,
 and I know what you blame, 'cause I
 don't share my name.

chance.
but hark to the plea of most miserable
me.

or the girls that would marry me I
wouldn't marry.
And the ones that I would—would

For you were lame, and May—now she
 could I say?
 "For you lost your distraction Elaine?"
 "And she did, sure, and on, she was
 fair."
 "And you were Belle, Mollie, and Jane,
 then Nan and Rabetta, I will never
 say. For far they were best of the lot—
 but to this I would marry me I
 wouldn't marry,
 And the ones that I would—would
 I not."
 "You would take your advice, and be
 married in a trice."
 "But would you do?
 When he loves Guinevere in a manner
 that—"
 "And you were by the worship of Lou?
 So this is my plea, ad, be gentle with
 me."
 "Of blame I deserve not a jot—"
 "But you would marry me I
 wouldn't marry,
 And the ones that I would—would
 Edmund Lester, in the New York
 Evening Sun.
 A TRUE STORY.
 There's a big black cat comes over our
 fence every day.
 He sits on the fence and looks back yard
 As he intended to stay.

to come
To drink from our little pool—
An old cat can that I fill each day
With water all sparkling and cool.
But Laddie, the doggie, watches, too,
And out of the door he flies,
And a big black cat with sudden
rush
Over the back fence hies.
Such barking and bounding you never
saw,
You'd think Laddie craves as could
he;
But when the cat's gone, the sparrow
fly down,
And Laddie just grins at me.
—ELEANOR NICOL.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Bill:—You say he takes his pleasure
sadly?
Ladd:—Yes; when he goes to the
"movies" he takes his wife,—Yonker
Statesman.

My husband is so literary!" ex-
claimed Mrs. Currier.

"Yes; he's adways calling up his broker to get quotations." —Buffalo Express.

Save up dancing and devoted you self to Red Cross work?—
 "I have been very busy, dear. I had my name in the papers nine times.—London Opinion.
 Young Author (who thinks himself famous)—I believe I should enjoy my vacation better if I could income no.
 Friend—Good idea. Travel under your nom de plume.—New York Weekly.
 "I always read one of Thackeray novels two or three times.
 "I don't want mind read that way," said the compiler of best sellers.—"The time you finish one of my novels I have another ready at a dollar fifty."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"It is the result of an accident."
"You ran over some one with your auto?"
"No, ma'am. I fell over a chair and woke up the owner of the house."
Houston Post.

The Interviewer—Why did you a
assault all your wives as soon

Bluebeard—You see, I'd promised to love each one as long as she lived and no matter what other sins I'd committed. I never disappoint a lady.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Bridget—The new neighbors want to cut their grass, mum, and they've come over to ask the loan of your lawnmower.

Mistress—Lend them our lawnmower to cut grass on the Sabbath? Certainly not. Tell the Bridget, that we haven't one.—Boston Transcript.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

Another step in woman's progress was taken when the first woman justices in the English Empire were nominated in South Australia. A

A prospectus is being drawn up for a new bank in Maracaibo, reported Consul George K. Donald, of the Venezuelan city. It is intended that the new bank shall issue bills of bolivars (\$1.93). A capital of \$100,000 is proposed.

An expert fruit packer estimates that the dried fruit yield of California for 1915 will reach a value of \$22,000,000.

will produce 70,000,000 pounds of dried peaches, 40,000,000 pounds of apricots, 130,000,000 pounds of prunes and 200,000,000 pounds of raisins.

Granting that the average consumption of dried fruit is 100 pounds per person per year, the total production of dried fruit in the United States is sufficient to supply the needs of the entire population for approximately 10 years.

eight tires a car a year, which includes all types of vehicles, there will be required during 1915 not less than 20,000,000 tires, valued at from \$30,000,000 to \$400,000,000 — figuring at average price of tires at \$15.

or "Bob White" quail in several localities in the province. Previous efforts to introduce this species as a game bird in the Canadian Pacific Coast country have failed, and berries reported this year are said to have migrated from the south of the ocean accord, and in some places they are reported quite plentiful.
